THE REASONS OF Mr. Joseph Hains The PLAYER's Conversion & Re-conversion.

Being the Third and Last PART TO THE

DIALOGUE OF Mr. BAYS.

[Thomas Brown]

Ecce iterum Crispinus, *& est mihi sæpè vocandus*
Ad partes,
Non compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius. Juv. Sat. 4. Hor. Serm.

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235 [**BROWN** (Thomas)] The Reasons of Mr. Joseph Hains The Player's Conversion and Re-conversion. Being the Third and Last Part of the Dialogue of Mr. Bays. 4°. 1690

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A spiteful, but not unamusing, pamphlet written against Dryden on his conversion to Roman Catholicism.

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11012 **HAINES.—The Reasons of Mr. Joseph Haines, the Players, Conversion and Re-conversion: being the Third and Last Part to the Dialogue of Mr. Bays, sm. 4to, *unbound*, 5s** T. Thorp, Cat. 853. May 30, 1923. *R. Baldwin.* 1690

PREFACE
TO
Mr. BAYS.

I Lately published the Reasons of your Conversion, and, as in good manners bound, gave you the honour of the Dedication. All the Town was very well satisfied with the justice I allowed you in that Dialogue, unless some few malicious Critics, whom I have been informed, complained of partiality in the case, and quarrel'd with me for assigning a dozen Reasons for your change, when one, or two at the most would have served the turn. Whatever these envious persons said, does not signifie much; for the better sort thought otherwise, and were pleased to own, that the Conference was managed with all the fairness imaginable on your side. This brought your Brother-Convert Mr. Hains *to me, who requested to have the same kind office done for himself, to which I readily consented: Now his motives bear so great a resemblance to yours, that I presently resolved to join them both together; for the very same considerations, as I have been prevailed with, to bind the* White-Chappel *Answer to the* Vox Cleri, *and some other Scriblers of the same comprehending Character, along with the Pious Mr.* Baxters *Plea for Nonconformity.*

To be plain with you, Mr. Bays, *for the trouble of these two Dedications, I expect no Guineas from you, no more, than I could expect a contribution from the Clergy for dedicating a Treatise against Tithes to 'em, or from the Lawyers for presenting them with a new edition of the* Ignoramus. *I am acquainted with your present circumstances, and therefore don't desire to put you to any charges; only I must beg some of the following favours at your hands; to be curs'd duly twice a day over a dish of Tea, nay if you think it not too great a trouble to you, as often as you pull out your Snuff-box; to be lash'd severely in the next Preface,*

or damn'd in the next Prologue, or coupled with the Catachreſtical Mr. Cleveland *in your next Eſſay upon Dramatic Poetry; to be invoked Spring and Fall with all the devout ejaculations in* Boileau, *and* Oldham, *to be remembred every week in your Litany, and if you pleaſe to give me ſome unlucky nick-name out of the Bible; ſo much the better, for that will be ſure to ſtick by me for ever. Any thing of this nature will oblige me everlaſtingly to you, but to think to ſham me off with a bare dry pitiful beating, 'tis below my merits, and I'll never accept on't. I hear you threatned to ſend one of your Sons to give me a little bodily chaſtiſement, if it were not below 'em. Truly, Sir, I am heartily ſorry for their ſakes, that I am no Liveryman as yet, or one of the City Common-Council; next Spring it may be you'll find me advanced to that Honourable preferment, for I have above forty of the beſt hands in the Pariſh in order to it already. But why, Mr.* Bays, *do you talk only of one Son, ſend them both a Gods name, and rather than fail, appear at the head of them your ſelf. But if you deſign to ruine me to all intents and purpoſes, e'en raiſe the* Poſſe Comitatus *upon me, for then the buſineſs will be done effectually.*

And here, Honeſt Mr. Bays, *I take my final leave of you, unleſs you give me ſome freſh provocation, that is, unleſs you follow Mr.* Hains's *ſteps, and ſuffer your ſelf to be reconverted to the* Panther's *Church; for then I ſhall moſt aſſuredly publiſh the Reaſons of your return, and according to my uſual civility, if I find your own Reaſons weak and feeble, deſign to invent or imagine ſome new ones for you. Nay, if you but ſpeak the word, I'll Print an account of your Re-converſion, even before you are Re-converted; as you know, it has been many an honeſt fellows caſe to have his Execution-Prayer Printed for him, before he came to* Tyburn; *and then you may enquire how the Town ſtands affected to that matter, and accordingly diſpoſe of your ſelf.*

And now, becauſe the ancient family of the Bays's, *like that of the* Attici, *is not to be treated after the ordinary common method of Epiſtles, I here take my farewel of you in the words of* Martial, *to a perſon much of the ſame name with your ſelf.*

Quod ſiccæ redolet palus lacunæ,
Piſcinæ vetus aura quod marinæ,
Quod jejunia Sabbatariorum,
Quod Vulpis fuga, Viperæ cubile,
Quod Spurcæ moriens lucerna teſtæ,
Mallem, quam quod oles, olere *Baſſe.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Mr. *BAYS* and Mr. *HAINS.*

Mr. *Bays.* MY Old Comedian ſtill alive, and luſty!

Mr. *Hains.* What, the Ornament and Glory of the *Engliſh* Theatre, my honeſt Friend, Mr. *Bays!*

Mr. *Bays.* Dear Rogue, let me hug and careſs thee a while. Well I' gad, Brother Convert, I am as glad to ſee thee ſafe and ſound again here in Town, as a fond Citizen, that has loſt his virtuous Spouſe for two or three days at this end of the Town, is to ſee her brought home in a Coach by ſome obliging Gentleman, and return to her family adminiſtrations.

Mr, *Hains.* And for my part, I take as much delight and ſatisfaction, to behold the ingenious Mr. *Bays*, as an *Italian* does to ſee his Miſtreſs at Church, or a long-expecting Cardinal to ſee a *Sede Vacante.*

Mr. *Bays.* But, my Noble Count, where haſt thou paſſed thy time all this while. 'Tis an Age, at leaſt, ſince I had the honour of thy company. And how, and how do our Friends of the *Cruſca* at *Florence*, the *Ricourati* at *Padua*, and the *Lyncei* at *Rome*? How goes Poetry forward in that refin'd noble Country? What Sonnets and Paſtorals, or Theological Diſcourſes haſt thou brought over with thee? Come I' faith, I muſt ask thee as many queſtions about this affair, as a ſuſpicious *Spaniard* asks his Wife on the Wedding-night, or a hot Prieſt does a raw Country-girl at the Confeſſional.

M. *Hains.* Nay, not a ſyllable of Theological Diſcourſes, as you love me, Mr. *Bays*, in Poetry or buſineſs of that nature you may command me as far as you pleaſe, but for Divinity I deſire to be excuſed, it never ſuited with my Complexion. To ſatisfie your curioſity then, I have been travelling abroad in the world to cultivate my perſon, and acquire a little experience for the relief of my old age.

Bays. Let me conjure thee, Dear Ro[illegible] as [illegible] hopeſt for no Gout, no Palſie; or what is more mortifying, ſo[illegible] lungs, no barking Creditors, and no Small-Beer in thy decli[illegible] years; to acquaint me with the hiſtory of thy Travells; for I am more impatient to hear the iſſue of it, than a Poet is, to hear the ſucceſs of his New Play behind the Curtain; or a Gentleman that has employed his Friend to try the Honour of his Lady, longs to hear behind the Hangings how ſhe comes off with the Temptation.

Hains. To make ſhort of the matter, Mr. *Bays*, ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have paſſed the *Streights*, ſhot the *Gulph* of *Lyons*, ſeen the *Veſuvio* and *Mont-Gibel*, dined with the *Bey* of *Algiers*, made the *Gire* of *Italy*, and the *Tour* of *Malta*, ſung before the *Beau Monde* of *Tripoly*, and danced before the *Beglerbegs* of *Tunis*.

Bays. I ſee, you keep up your merry diverting humour ſtill, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. I have made ſeven Baſhaws, two and fifty Knights of *Malta*, three *Italian* Princes, fourſcore and thirteen Fryars, eight Fathers of the Society, with about ſome thirty *Neopolitan* Barons, as drunk and tipſie as ſo many Bears. At a Carnival-time, Prince *Pamphili* and my ſelf Lamblack'd ninety nine Signs at *Venice*; we drank our Miſtreſſes healths on the two *Corinthian* Horſes in St. *Marks*; we rubbed out all the Milkſcores in the *Strada Nuova*, and bilked juſt three hundred ninety nine Coaches, preciſely and no more, in *Lombardy*.

Bays. Well, I'll ſay that for thee, Mr. *Hains*, thou art one of the moſt accompliſht ingenious Humoriſts in *Europe*.

Hains. I plaid upon a Key and pair of Tongs before the Pope and Cardinals; by the ſame token that *Innocent* the Eleventh got his death by over-dancing himſelf, tho this is a myſtery which you were never acquainted with before; but then as for the Ladies Mr. *Bays*——

Bays. Ay, what have you to ſay to the Ladies, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. Why, what with the agreeableneſs of my Meen, the gayety of my Converſation, the irreſiſtible Charms of my Singing, and the gallantry of my dancing, I had the good luck to charm all the Ladies where-ever I came; Signor *Giuſippe* ſays one, when will you come, and help me to ſtring my Lute; Signor *Giuſippe*, ſays another, ſhall we ſee you at night in the *Grotto* behind the Dukes Palace; Signor *Giuſippe*, ſays a third, when will you come and teach me the laſt Song, which you made for the Prince of *Tuſcany*; and ſo I'faith they *Giuſipped* me on amongſt them, till I had ſworn, at leaſt, to a dozen aſſignations; and knew no more, Mr. *Bays*, where it was beſt to diſpoſe of my ſelf, than a poor Needle that's exactly placed between two Loadſtones, which way to incline it ſelf.

Bays. I warrant thee, Dear Rogue, thou didſt wiſh then with all thy heart, that ſome honeſt Miracle-monger of a Prieſt cou'd have tranſubſtantiated that ſinful Body of thine, that thou mighteſt have been capable of anſwering half a dozen appointments at a time. I am ſure had I been in thy caſe, I had deſired the ſame [illegible] as heartily, as ever riſing Favourite

prayed

prayed for a plurality of Titles, or a Town Bully for a plurality of believing Mercers.

Hains. Well, I was a graceleſs ill-natured Devil that's certain; I left ſeven women of good condition languiſhing for me at *Algiers*, twelve at *Tripoly*, fourteen at *Tunis*, eight and twenty at *Saragoſa*, and thirty three at *Naples*. Since my arrival into *England* I have been informed, half of 'em are dead, and the reſt in a fair way to be tranſlated in a ſhort time——— But what would you have a man do in ſuch a caſe, dear brother *Squob*? You know no bodies [illegible] is able to bear ſuch perpetual ſkirmiſhing; and for my part, [illegible] I do not pretend to be a *Sampſon*———

Boys. Nay, you need not [illegible] your ſelf, Mr. *Hains*, as to this point; for to my certain knowledge, no man acquits himſelf with honour and reputation enough, that can contrive to come off a ſaver from one Aſſignation.

Hains. One of the beſt intreigues I ever had in my travels, was with the Grand-maſters Miſtreſs in *Malta*; a fine, plump, two-handed [illegible] *Roba*, I' faith, with Eyes as ſparkling as Canary, and [illegible] as red as Claret.

Boys. And how didſt thou compaſs her at laſt, [illegible] Semedian——

Hains. Why, I attacqued her ſeveral ways, but to no purpoſe at all; at laſt I thought a Serenade was the likelieſt way to prevail upon her Affections; and ſo I tranſlated a certain Ode out of *Horace*, which was very ſuitable to the occaſion, and ſung it under her Window.

Boys. May I pretend to ſo great an Intereſt in thee, dear Rogue, as to beg it of thee?

Hains. With all my heart, Dear *Squob*. But you are to underſtand it was firſt tranſlated into *Italian*, but ſince my coming into *England*, I tranſlated it for my own diverſion into *Engliſh*, and ſuch as it is, you are heartily welcome to.

Extremum Tanaim ſi biberes Lyce. Ode 10. Lib. 3.

I.

Tho you, My Lyce, in ſome Northern *Flood*
Had chill'd the torrent of your Blood;
Or loſt your ſweet engaging Charms,
In ſome Tartarian *Huſbands icy Arms;*
Were yet one ſpark of pity left behind,
To form the leaſt impreſſion on your mind;
Sure you muſt grieve, ſure you muſt ſigh,
Sure drop ſome pity from your Eye;
To ſee your Lover proſtrate on the ground,
With gloomy Night, and blank deſpair encompaſs'd all around.

II. *See,*

II.

Hark! how the threatning storms arise,
And with loud clamours fill the Skies.
Hark! how the tott'ring [illegible] shake,
Hark! how the Trees a [illegible]
And see! Oh [illegible]
The Earth lies [illegible]
The Romans clad in [illegible]
And thus your [illegible]

[illegible]

Come [illegible]
And to S[illegible]
Let not the [illegible]
[illegible]

IV.

[illegible] by virtue [illegible]
[illegible] Spanish [illegible]
[illegible] Sat his youthful [illegible]
[illegible] Euchalds wars abroad.
[illegible] longer siege than [illegible]
[illegible] marmittacques of [illegible]
[illegible] preserv'd a worthless [illegible]
[illegible] of ten years lies [illegible]
[illegible] fashion'd Dame, no'er [illegible]
[illegible] 'th' day, get [illegible]

[illegible]

Oh [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yet let your [illegible]
He [illegible]
Elsewhere [illegible]

Let me his forfeited Embraces ſhare,
Let me your mighty wrongs repair.
So Kings by their own Rebel-powers betray'd,
To quell a homebred Foe, call in a Forreign aid.

VI.

Love, let Platonicks promiſe what they will,
Muſt like Devotion be encourag'd ſtill.
Muſt meet with equal wiſhes, and deſires,
Or elſe the dying Lamp in it's own Urn expires.
And I, for all that boaſted flame
We Poets, and fond Lovers idely claim,
Am of too frail a make I fear,
Shou'd you continue ſtill ſevere,
To brave the double hardſhip of my fate;
And bear the coldneſs of the winds, and rigour of your hate.

Mr. Bays. So, Mr. *Hains*, you compaſs'd her at laſt, I don't queſtion, with this all-confounding perſwaſive of a Sonnet. Nay never bluſh for the matter, noble Comedian of mine, for I have been in my time, as great a Virtuoſo for this kind of natural Philoſophy, as thy experienced ſelf.

Hains. I won't trouble you, Mr. *Bays*, to recount my *Turkiſh*, my *African*, and my *Greecian* amours to thee; for then you muſt expect to find me as tedious, as a Thrice-married Widdow when ſhe lanches out in commendation of her deceaſed Husbands; or one of my own Brothers of the Theatre, that has bound the Poet apprentice to the Player, when he diſcourſes very pertly concerning the ancient and modern writers.—— But ſtill dear *Malta* I ſhall never forget thee.

Bays. Nay, Mr. *Hains*, I muſt freely own, you have a great deal of reaſon to remember *Malta*, conſidering the noble rencounter you had there with the Grand Maſter's Miſtreſs: And what ſort of a place is it I pray.

Hains. Oh! dear Rogue, 'tis the fineſt, happieſt Iſland in the World. The ſweeteſt Air, the freeſheſt Wine, the braveſt Gentlemen, the moſt obliging well-bred Ladies, that methinks I cou'd never be weary of diſcourſing upon ſo entertaining a Subject. Thou may'ſt gueſs, little *Bays*, what plenty of Women they have amongſt them there, when I ſhall inform thee, that there are two or three thouſand Bawdy Batchelors always upon the ſpot: Men of fortitude, and vigour, that have made a vow of Chaſtity, and yet Fornicate in abundance.

Bays. Thank you for that obſervation Mr. *Hains*. For I have always remarked, it has been the faſhion of the World for men to act juſt contrary to the profeſſions they make. Thus your ſuper-annuated Old Lady, that's perpetually declaiming on the vices of the Age, is the fondeſt, and moſt violent Lover in private.

Hains.

Hains. Thus your men of Sanctity and Devotion, are the greateſt Libertines within doors; your men of complaiſance and Civility, the greateſt Enemies behind your back; your men of Latitude and Comprehenſion, the greateſt perſecutors when they get uppermoſt. Your Eccleſiaſtical pretender to Poverty, the rankeſt Miſer; as your pretender to Wit, and good breeding is generally the dulleſt, rudeſt Animal in the World. All this had been true Mr. *Bays*, whether you or I had ever obſerv'd it, or no: but ſtill dear *Malta* I ſhall never forget thee.

Bays. Come, Mr. *Hains*, I am confident, there's ſomething or other extraordinary in the caſe, that makes this *Malta* run in thy Head ſo; prithee Communicate it, for I can keep a ſecret as well, as a *White-Hall* whiſperer, or a Chamber-maid, you have lain with; a Miniſter of State you have bribed, or a Simonaical Parſon.

Hains. To ſatisfie your longing Mr. *Bays*, you muſt know I was converted to the *Roman* Religion in this Iſland; and tho I ſay it, that ſhould not, the manner of my Converſion was a hundred times more ſtrange, and ſurprizing than ever yours was.

Bays. And did the news then of my Converſion arrive to thee beyond Sea? Prithee let me know, what were the ſentiments of your part of the World upon that occaſion; for not to mince matters with you, every body here at home looked upon it as a prodigy: I have had half the ſcriblers about the Town upon me at once, that have perſecuted, and treated me ten times worſe, than the Author of the *Vox populi* has treated *Tobits* Dog; and yet I'gad Mr. *Hains*, ſeemingly I took no more notice of the affront, than a Fanatic wou'd do of ſome half a ſcore alterations in the Liturgy; and was pleas'd publickly to ſay here in *Will's* Coffee-Houſe, that it was below the Honour of Mr. *Bays*, to anſwer theſe little Pamphleteers, as much, as it is below the Reputation of a Gentleman, to ſend a Challenge to a Surly Beef-Eater that turn'd him out of the Preſence Chamber at *White-Hall*.

Hains. That was politickly done, let me tell you, Mr. *Bays*. For had you condeſcended to anſwer one, you had lain under an obligation of anſwering the whole herd. And therefore to pretend an inſenſibility, or neglect of 'em on this occaſion, was as cunning a fetch, as it was of Mr. *Horner* in the Country-Wife, to publiſh his diſability as to love affairs, when he deſign'd to free himſelf from the importunities of his old caſt Miſtreſſes.

Bays. But all this while, Mr. *Hains*, you forget to tell me how the ſtory of my Converſion reliſh'd abroad.

Hains. Why to me, that was acquainted with thy Character, and the fickleneſs of thy Conſtitution, it paſſed for no Miracle I can aſſure thee. I uſe to judge of other people by my ſelf, and let a Dramatiſt, little *Bays*, write for any Religion, as much he pleaſes, I am confident he no more minds to advance it, than any of the honeſt drinking Members of the Houſe thought to confound Claret by paſſing the Twelve-penny Act. For a Poet is a true *Swiſſe*, that never troubles his head with the merits of the cauſe, for which he's ingaged.

Bays.

Bays. That might be your ſingle opinion, Mr. *Hains*, I confeſs. But what ſaid the reſt of mankind to my Converſion?

Hains. I am afraid I ſhall make thee a little vain, if I divulge it. You are to know the Pope and Cardinals rejoyced exceedingly at the news. The Queen of *Sweden* (that had a particular kindneſs always for Poets) to teſtifie her zeal upon that occaſion, gave a fine entertainment at her Palace; at which the greateſt maſters of Muſic in the City aſſiſted; nay ſo general was the joy for your Converſion, that I durſt almoſt have ſworn, the Congregation *de propaganda fide*, would have order'd a ſolemn proceſſion about the Town, to Complement Heaven upon that ſcore.

Bays. Dear Mr. *Hains* how ſhall I be able to make thee any ſuitable returns for ſo great an obligation?

Hains. Now (ſaid they) the Converts in *England* will come faſter upon our hands, than we know how to provide for 'em. Hereſie is utterly demoliſht for this age, that's certain. We have already got Mr. *Bays* the Poet-Laureat on our ſide, and he by his example will ſoon prevail upon the reſt of his profeſſion to turn Catholicks; and when we have got the Poets to defend our Cauſe, the whole Nation muſt come in of courſe. For the People muſt of neceſſity judge there's ſomething very convincing, and extraordinary in that Religion, which the Poets ſo reſolutely maintain, as when we ſee a Man from a lewd Rake-hell, turn Saint on the ſudden, we are apt to aſcribe it to little leſs than a Revelation: So they concluded that by this means the whole Nation wou'd be brought in a ſhort time to declare.

Bays. Well I muſt needs ſay, that if it had not been for this unlucky Revolution, matters wou'd have infallibly ſucceeded, as theſe *Virtuoſo's* did imagine.

Hains. For your farther comfort Mr. *Bays*, your Book was carried with a great deal of Triumph to the *Vatican*, where it is ſhown to all ſtrangers along with King *Harry's* Letter to *Ann Bolein*, and his treatiſe againſt *Luther*. Beſides, it was the common diſcourſe of the Town, a little before I left the place, that the Pope deſign'd to employ a Celebrated Workman to Carve a *Hind* and *Panther* in Marble; and, in order to preſerve the memory of their Immortal Conference, to place their Statues on each ſide the two famous Horſes in *Monte Cavallo*.

Bays. This mighty honour that you tell me, has been done to my works, has thrown me into ſuch a tranſport of Joy, that I fancy it wou'd be convenient to take a Doſe of *Diaſcordium* before I go to bed, to prevent a Fever, and all that; pray give me your advice *Mr. Hains*.

Hains. What I am going about to tell you, will ſave you the expence of your *Diaſcordium*, and all that. Indeed, the more curious inquiſitive Perſons at *Rome*, that had found out your Character, and manner of Converſation; that had informed themſelves of the Author of the *Religio Laici*, and the *Spaniſh Friar*, were of opinion, that for all your pretenſions to be a Convert, you deſerved only to be honeſtly damn'd for your pains; for I muſt tell you,

Mr.

Mr. *Bays*, the good natur'd Church of *Rome*, is as little inclin'd to forgive a man that has once affronted her, as a Lady of the Town that grudges to have the leaſt mite of Conjugal Benevolence beſtowed elſewhere, is to pardon her poor Husband, that ſhe has found treſpaſſing with one of her Maids in the Garret. And now I have been ſo free as to acquaint thee with what that part of the World as I reſided in, thought of thy Converſion; prithee tell me what they ſaid of mine here in *England*.

Bays. Why, I'faith Mr. *Hains*, you and I have had the worſt luck of any two Converts in the Univerſe. We cou'd get no body breathing to believe one ſyllable of our Converſion; as for your ſelf, though a Miſſionary from Heaven had come on purpoſe to atteſt the ſincerity of your change, it had never paſſed: They remembred you palm'd a Count upon the *French* King formerly in your younger days, and ſo they concluded that from the ſame principle of mirth and diverſion, you were reſolved to palm a Convert upon the Pope and Cardinals in your Old Age. But letting alone ſuch a fooliſh diſquiſition, prithee proceed in the Hiſtory of your Converſion.

Hains. You are to underſtand then, Mr. *Bays*, that in coming from *Algiers* (where I had the honour to Dance before threeſcore and five *Turkiſh* Women at a Renegadoes Wedding) to *Malta*, we were becalm'd at Sea for the ſpace of a Week and upwards; during which time, whether it happen'd through the exceſſive heat of the Seaſon, or the Iniquity of my Youth, or both, I was troubled with a mighty tumour in my left Arm, which the next Night after threw me into a violent Calenture.

Bays. Poor Rogue, I pity thy condition with all my heart.

Hains. After ſome outward and inward Medicines applied to no purpoſe, at laſt the Surgeon and Chaplain of the Ship——no, I beg your pardon, I ſhould have ſaid the Chaplain and Surgeon of the Ship ——

Bays. I don't like that Conjunction, Mr. *Hains*, 'tis a foreboding augury, let me tell you. A Chaplain and a Surgeon to a ſick man, 'tis like the Conjunction of a hard Jury, and a worſe Judge, to a Priſoner at the Bar.

Hains. They came into my Cabin, and in a very mournful tone told me, We'd adviſe you, Mr. *Hains*, to make up your Accompts with this World as ſoon as you can, you cannot expect to live four and twenty hours longer in this at the fartheſt, therefore we counſel you to think of Eternity, and prepare your ſelf for another Station.

Bays. That word *Prepare your ſelf for another Station*, when you had no mind to quit your preſent Poſt, was, I don't queſtion, full as mortifying a Summons to thee, my Noble Comedian, as it would be to a young unfighting Tradeſman of the New-rais'd Regiment of Horſe, to leave his pretty Employment and pretty Wife at home, and be ſent to ſtarve at his own coſt and charges in *Ireland*.

Hains. Nay, I muſt confeſs, I received the News with no very great alacrity of Spirit, for I had leiſure enough to reflect on all my Juvenile Frolicks and Excurſions, and hoped my Stars would be ſo civil to me, as to allow

me

me a longer time to Adjuſt my Accompts. As my good Fortune order'd the matter, there happen'd to be a certain *Calabrian* Gentleman in the Ship, who was going to pay his Devoir to the Grand Maſter of *Malta*, that was his *Couſin German*.

Bays. Now thou reviveſt me, dear Rogue; I'faith, I was going to give thee over for loſt, and then I am ſure, all the *Veneres Cupidineſq*; all the pretty ſoft Graces of the Theatre had departed along with thee.

Hains. His Name, which I ſhall never forget, was Signor *Pietro Leandro*, the ſweeteſt, moſt obliging Gentleman that I had ever the Honour to converſe with; he coming to give me a viſit in this extremity, in the firſt place asked me what Religion I was of?

Bays. And that, I am afraid, was as difficult a queſtion for thee to reſolve, as it would be to a modern Latitudinarian or Alteration-man, to anſwer, what Church he's moſt enclin'd to, the Eſtabliſh'd or the Fanatick.

Hains. Sir (ſaid *I*) for your comfort, you'll find me of what Religion you pleaſe; I am at your ſervice, recommend me to what Perſwaſion you think convenient. My ſoul's, as to that affair, a clean ſheet of Paper, a meer *Tabula Raſa*, therefore, Sir, you may impreſs any Characters in the World upon it; whether Chriſtian, or *Mahumetan*, *Jew*, or *Pagan*, 'tis all a caſe to your poor diſtreſſed ſervant.

Bays. And what ſaid your Noble *Calabrian* to all this, I prithee?

Hains. He ſhook his Head, and ſeem'd as much ſurprized at the Confeſſion I made him, as the Ordinary of *Newgate* is at an old *Sabbath breaker's* Hiſtory of his Debaucheries; at laſt, he asked me what Profeſſion I was of, and in what Religion my Parents had Educated me? To this *I* reply'd, that in my preſent Character I was Secretary to the *Engliſh* Embaſſador who was bound for *Conſtantinople*, that I had ſerved the Stage in Quality of a Player, and Prologue-maker ſome twenty years? That if I belong'd to any Religion, it was to the Reformation, but to what branch of it, I no more knew, than a new comer to *London*, Mr. *Bays*, knows what Ward, or Aldermans Juriſdiction he lives under.

Bays. I ſhall certainly dye with laughing at this pleaſant paſſage; but pray continue the diſcourſe.

Hains. That I had the Charity to believe, my Father took care to get me Baptized when I was an Infant, (the only time when he was capable of managing me) but that by reaſon of my continual buſineſs in the World, I never had time to conſult the Pariſh Regiſter for better information. That I cou'd have ſaid the Lords Prayer, the Creed, the ten Commandments by heart about forty years ago, and that, thanks to my Almanack, I had moſt of the Names of the Saints, and the Apoſtles ſtill very freſh in my memory.

Bays. Pray proceed.

Hains. At this my Gentleman put on a ſweeter Countenance than before, and ſmiling told me, Sir, there are ſtill hopes of your recovery, if

you can but put your ſelf into a ſober poſture of Contemplation for an hour or two, and heartily believe in St. *Paul*.

Bays. What anſwer did you give him, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. I told him I could heartily believe in St. *Paul*, or any other Saint in the Calendar, that wou'd undertake to cure me. Why then (ſays he) I have a certain Medicinal earth in my Trunk, that goes by the Name of St. *Paul's* Earth, we call it in *Italy*, *La terra di Santo Paolo*, and it grows in a remarkable Grotto in *Malta*. You have no more left you to do upon this occaſion, but only to apply it to the tumour in your arm, and afterwards to believe in St. *Paul's* merits as heartily as you can.

Bays. I am as impatient to hear the ſequel of thy ſtory, as a Country Lady at the Play-houſe, is to know what Fortune a rich Heireſs, that was married in the firſt Act, will meet with in the Fifth.

Hains. Signor (ſaid I) leave me alone to that. I warrant you I'll believe as thoroughly, as firmly, as implicitly, and as ſubſtantially, as any perſon in *Chriſtendom*. Never queſtion the extent of my Faith Signor, ſaid I, for upon an extraordinary affair, I can make it travel as far as an old dreaming Monk, or an old penitent *Magdalen*. Upon this he fetches me ſome of this Miraculous Earth, then bids me apply it to the place above-mention'd, and then without fail to follow the other preſcription; for without that, ſays he, it won't ſignify a braſs farthing.

Bays. So now, I can imagine thee, my Noble Count, raiſing thy ſelf upon thy Pillow, with thy eyes lifted up, and a great deal of Devotion in that ungodly Countenance, applying this ſanctified Earth to thy unſanctified Arm.

Hains. At parting, cries the Gentleman, I don't queſtion to ſee you whole and luſty again, within theſe two or three days at fartheſt, and then I may take occaſion to diſcourſe you more particularly about the principles of the Chriſtian Religion, and ſettle you, if poſſible, in the Romiſh Perſwaſion; but above all, (and then he ſhut the door upon me) don't forget to recommend your ſelf to the merits, and interceſſion, of you know who.

Bays. Well, I muſt needs ſay that for the *Italian* Gentlemen, they are as deſirous to make a Convert to their Church, as——

Hains. As an *Algerine* is to make a Captive, or a Rook a good eaſie Cully. They never think they have entertain'd a ſtranger heartily, unleſs they can intoxicate him with their ſuperſtition into the bargain, as your Country Gentlemen never think they have made a man welcom in their Houſes, unleſs they ſend him home Dead-drunk. 'Tis their Intereſt, Mr. *Bays*, that carries them on to this charitable performance; for the converting of one ſingle Heretick will give them credit at the Confeſſional for a whole years running on tick in Gaming, Swearing and Whoring.

Bays. Nay, now you begin to be Satyrical, Mr. *Hains*, I muſt deſire you to quit this digreſſion, and purſue your ſtory.

Hains. When the Gentleman had left me, I made uſe of his earth according to his preſcription, but how to advance that unactive, feeble, phlegmatick

tick thing within me, my Faith, that, Mr. *Bays*, that was the ſevereſt mortification. For my own part, I had never made uſe on't before, but only to believe a Plot in a Play, an Aſſignation at Night, the Honeſty of my Wife, the Credulity of a Cit, or the Promiſes of a Courtier. Well, for all I could do, (and I play'd more tricks with it I am ſure, than a Fortune-teller does with a raw fooliſh Girl about a ſtoln Silver-Spoon) I cou'd not prevail with it to comply with my deſires, till my diſtemper began to abate ſomewhat, and then as my pain ebbed out, my Faith flowed in ; ſo that by break of day, I had very liittle pain about me, but a ſwinging deal of Faith.

Bays. This is certainly the ſtrangeſt ſtory, I ever met with in my life, and richly deſerves to find a place in the next Edition of *Clark*'s *Mirrour*, *Beard*'s *Theatre*, or *Wanly*'s *Wonders* of *Man*.

Hains. Juſt as the Gentleman promis'd, within two days I was ſo perfectly recovered, that I fancied my ſelf in a condition to perform feats of activity before the beſt Aſſembly in *France*, or *Italy*. I met him one Morning very early on the Deck ; Signor (ſays he) I ſee your body is in plight good enough, there needs no more queſtions about that ; but pray inform me, in what condition do you find your Faith ? Very brave, and luſty, anſwered I, and in a fit tune to digeſt all the amazing ſtories in the Univerſe.

Bays. Stranger and ſtranger ſtill, I profeſs.

Hains. Why then, continued he, you and I muſt talk about ſome ſerious points of Religion, that very nearly concern you ; I muſt nick you, Dear Friend of mine, in the Critical Minute, otherwiſe I ſhall be in danger of loſing you. No, by no means, anſwer'd I, never attacque me faſting while you live, I made a ſolemn promiſe to my Relations in *England*, never to meddle with Religion, till my Appetite was well gorged. After dinner you may diſcourſe me as long as you pleaſe.

Bays. Well, thou art a perſon, Mr. *Hains*, of the moſt ſingular, peculiar, and moſt uncommon conſtitution of Body in the whole world, I believe.

Hains. After we had dined, he follows me into my Cabin : Signior *Giuſippe* (ſays he) (for by this time he had learnt my name out) I am come to lay hold on your promiſe. *Imprimis*, What is your opinion of the Pope's Infallibility ? The Lord knows, ſaid I, I have but a very indifferent opinion of it, and yet I cannot help it for the heart of me, for if I could but once arrive to be maſter of ſo much grace, as to be perſwaded in that point, I'de juſt believe as the Pope believes, and all the buſineſs would be over.

Bays. If I had had the management of thee, Mr. *Hains*, I had as ſoon perſwaded thee to ſwallow that Article, and twenty more of the ſame bulk, as a *Covent Garden Beau* makes a ſtragling Citizens Daughter in the Park believe ſhe's handſom, and only made for enjoyment ; or a Poet by a little glittering Eloquence in a Dedication, makes any Noble Lord about the Court, believe he's witty, and valiant, and every thing beſides.

Hains. When he ſaw the Infallibility was too groſs a Pill for me to ſwallow, he accoſts me with another doctrine of his Church; that was ten times worſe, I mean Tranſubſtantiation: He then inquired of me whether I believed a Corporal, or a Virtual Preſence in the Euchariſt? I told him, that the Stage having employ'd all my thoughts, I underſtood nothing of thoſe things that he mentioned. Then he fell upon the Invocation of Saints, and the great benefit of Images, and began very ſeriouſly to explain 'em to me. All this while I minded him no more, than Fanatic Parſon does a Diſcourſe of Charity, or Forty one; a Courtier a Learned Harangue about Fathers and Councils, or (as you ſay) a Poet minds truth in the Dedicatory Epiſtle.

Bays. This was very rude and uncivil, I proteſt to you, Mr. *Hains*, to make ſuch unhandſom returns to the Gentleman, that only deſign'd the ſaving of your Pretious Soul.

Hains. Seeing that this method did not meet with that ſucceſs as he expected; Signor (crys he) you were utterly ſpoil'd in the building, therefore I muſt e'en carry you to the Dock, take you to peices, and refit you again, for at preſent you are a very unſerviceable leaky veſſel, ſcarce fit for an *Algerine* to ſail in. I muſt man you with ſome thirty Catholick Tenets, that ſhall preſerve you from being boarded by any Infidel or Proteſtant Privateers. I muſt give you the Churches Infallible Compaſs to ſteer your courſe by, when you have no Scripture Moonlight, or Star-light to direct you. Above all, I muſt furniſh you with a new Rudder of Faith, for your old one has been all battered to pieces in the Play-Houſe; with a good ſubſtantial Anchor of Hope, with the Sails of Contemplation, the Pump of Confeſſion, and Pitch you and Tar you all over with the *Italian* Doctrines of Ignorance, and Obedience.

Bays. Very courteous and civil I gad. But why, Mr. *Hains*, did you give the Gentleman all this pains and trouble?

Hains. Only to make my ſelf a little mirth and diverſion: For thus, I remember, I once kept a City Merchant, that had a Lac'd-Band which reached from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, two hours by the Clock, in one of the Coffee-houſes about the Exchange, to explain the meaning of *Chevaux de frize* in a Gazette; and I ſhall never forget, he told me they were Horſes bred in *Frize-land*, that were Bullet-proof. At another time I kept a Grocer a full quarter of an hour in the ſtreet, to tell me which was the neareſt way from *Fleetſtreet* to the Sun-Tavern in *Peccadille*, whether down the *Strand*, and ſo by *Charing-Croſs*, or through *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*, tho the poor fellow told me his Spouſe ſent him out for a Midwife, and for all I know, I made him loſe an Heir Apparent to a dozen pound of Raiſins, as many Silver-Spoons, *Stow's* Survey of the City, and *Speed's* Chronicle.

Bays. Well, I ſee you muſt have your frolicks, Mr. *Hains*, but pray what was the reſult of this affair between you.

Hains.

Hains. I made very ſmall, inſenſible advances into Popery, Little *Bays*; though the Gentleman took as much pains every day to expound it to me, as a kind Keeper takes to inſtruct a Young Country Girl of his own breeding up, in *Aretine's* Poſtures; or a New Author takes to teach a Dull Heavy Player the right accent of all his Witty Paſſages in his firſt Comedy: He was a week, at leaſt, before he could make me comprehend one Article and half of his Religion; and I dare ſwear, had the Ship, we were in, moved no faſter than I did, we had continued in the *Mediterranean* to this very moment.

Bays. I ſhall never forgive thee for this inexcuſable ſtupidity, Mr. *Hains*, thou art as reſtiff an animal as a tired Carriers Horſe, or a ſuperannuated Matron of threeſcore and three.

Hains. At laſt, ſays my friend *Leandro*, being I ſuppoſe by this time fully convinced what a difficult Province he had undertaken; Signor *Giuſippe*, you and I take Articles in the Catholic Religion much after the ſame rate as the *Spaniards* regain their Towns in the *French* Acquiſitions. I am Dog-weary of this ſlaviſh employment already, for I'de ſooner engage to teach a Poet the Mathematics, or the profound myſterie of keeping ready mony always in his pocket; to teach a nimble fluttering Monſieur the art of thinking, a Sea-man the rules of civility, a *Dutch-man* ſobriety, an *Iriſh-man* good manners and diſcretion, an *Italian* a cure for jealouſie, than to be bound to inſtruct you piece-meal in all the Doctrines of Holy Church.

Bays. Did he turn you over; then for loſt, Mr. *Hains*, when he gave you this ſevere Reprimand?

Hains. No, you ſhall hear: I have only one thing more to truſt to, (continues he) and if that fails, then farewell for ever. When we come a-ſhore at *Malta*, I deſign to carry you to St. *Paul's Grotto*, where he ſhelter'd himſelf ſome time, after he was ſhipwrackt upon that Iſland. Unleſs my expectations mightily deceive me, when I have got you there, and advanced two or three convincing arguments upon you, I ſhall ſee you become a good truſty believing Catholic by wholeſale.

Bays. Well, I am glad with all my heart, to ſee your Gentleman has his ſureſt Cards ſtill to play, for to ſay the truth, I began to deſpair of the Game.

Hains. As ſoon as we landed, my pious well-meaning Friend, before he went to pay his complements to the Grand-maſter, or look after any of his concerns, carries me along with him to this celebrated *Grotto.* This was the place, ſaid he, (and I remember it faced the Sea-ſhore) which St. *Paul* honour'd with his preſence immediately after his Shipwrack.

Bays. ——— *Hanc* Tharſi *magnus Alumnus*
Speluncam ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit.
Aude Hoſpes contemnere opes, & te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo ———

I hope

I hope you can forgive me this ſudden rapture, Mr. *Hains*, for I am all o're poſſeſs'd with ecſtaſie, and admiration.

Hains. That Immortal Converter of the *Gentiles*, added he, during the ſhort reſidence he made here, impreſs'd that miraculous virtue on the earth of this Cave, that it cures all manner of Tumours, and Inflammations. You your ſelf by comfortable experience have found the efficacy of it, ſuffer your ſelf therefore *Amigo meo cariſſimo*, to be conquered by ſo irreſiſtible an argument, and don't diſdain to increaſe the Triumphs of this victorious *Miſſionaire*.

Bays. Thou hadſt been a meer unpardonable Infidel if this had not prevailed upon thee. And what, did not St. *Paul's* earth convert thee at laſt?

Hains. I was going to ſay, Sir I am afraid if St. *Paul's* Earth will bring me over to the *Roman* Church, that his Epiſtles will draw me out of it again. But the Gentleman reaſſuming his diſcourſe; tho, ſays he, a hundred thouſand Cartloads are every year carried out of this Cave to be diſtributed about in *Italy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, *Germany*, *Poland*, and other Catholic Countries (for out of the precincts of the Church this Earth has no manner of operation) yet the place is neither larger, nor wider than it was ſixteen Centuries ago. I looked round about me, and ſaw, to my great aſtoniſhment, it was one of the leaſt and loweſt *Grottos* that I had ever ſeen in my life. A Box in a Tavern is capable of holding a greater number of people; half a dozen brawny, overgrown, drinking *Dutch* Divines wou'd cram it up. So then I bluſh'd, hung down my head, gave the Gentleman my hand, and told him I was his moſt humble ſervant ——

Bays. *Tuq; dum procedu*, Io Triumphe,
Non ſemel dicemus, Io Triumphe
Civitas omnis, dabimuſq; divis
Thura benignis.

Hains. For your farther ſatisfaction, ſays he, there are a thouſand worthy Perſons in the Iſland, men of Honour and Virtue, than can atteſt the truth of what I have communicated to you. In ſhort, 'tis too palpable and notorious a thing to be an impoſture, you your ſelf will ſee a hundred evidences of it before you leave the place; and can you think then, my Illuſtrious Signor, that the Religion of this Country (which I can aſſure you is only Catholick) is diſpleaſing to Heaven, ſince it is daily countenanced by ſo continued, ſo palpable, ſo manifeſt a Miracle. The *Terra Sigillata* that comes from *Stalimene*, is not to be named the ſame month with this; it has converted more Infidels, and Heretics to the Church, than all the Fathers of the Society ſince the days of St. *Ignatius*, and by methods more gentle, more peaceable, and ſuited to the Spirit of Chriſtianity.

Bays. That I muſt needs own. But I wonder in my heart, that we never heard or read of this Miraculous Earth in *England* before. It had been worth

worth K. *James*'s while, I am ſure, to have ſent all his unbelieving Peers to this Iſland to be transform'd here into true Muſſulmen. This ſame buſineſs, Mr. *Hains*, ſticks a little with me I confeſs.

Hains. Why, Mr. *Bays*, couldſt thou read over, and tranſlate, and conſequently believe the Hiſtory of St. *Xavier* (for otherwiſe why didſt thou print it?) and canſt thou with any face ſtartle at my ſingle Miracle? Oh thou Uncircumcis'd, Infidel Play-wright, This 'tis to ſwallow the Legend of *Garagantua*, and boggle at poor *Tom Thumb*. Thou ſerveſt thy faith juſt as a Merchant in Town ſerves a declining Tradeſman, giveſt it credit at firſt for a hundred pound, and afterwards wont truſt it for a ſingle farthing.

Bays. Don't be angry, honeſt Mr. *Hains*, lay aſide your paſſion, and I promiſe you upon my word, I'll be guilty no more of ſuch a treſpaſs.

Hains. Well, ſaid I, to the Gentleman, I heartily beg your pardon for the trouble I have given you, and render you ten thouſand thanks for the double cure you have wrought upon an unworthy, graceleſs Foreigner. I now believe Church, and Councils; Canons, and Decrees; Pope, and Tradition, and every thing in the world beſides. My future acknowledgments ſhall teſtifie the ſincerity of my heart. Signor, anſwered he, no more of this. Your frank confeſſion has abundantly recompenſed me for the pains I have taken. Then he informed me, into how charitable, and good natured a Church I had fled for ſanctuary; acquainted me with what latitude, what elbow-room, what liberty of conſcience ſhe allow'd to poor ſinners, at what eaſie Chriſtian rates ſhe offered abſolution, that tho ſhe obliged her Converts to part with a few fooliſh ſenſes, yet ſhe was never ſo unmerciful or Un-Lady-like to contradict the ſweet dictates of Fleſh and Blood, with a great many more *Arcanas* of the ſame importance; ſo that when he left me all alone in the *Grotto*, to paſs an hour or two by my ſelf in Prayer and Meditation, I fell a weeping, and crying as hard as I could drive;

Bays. Nay, I think you'd make me weep too, Mr. *Hains*, with this pathetic, moving Narration, but that I have no moiſture left me in my old decaying Tenement to part with. Dear Signor *Leandro*, I ſhall never forget thee. But pray, Noble Comedian, tell me what occaſioned you to weep ſo plentifully.

Hains. Not the old ſtory of *Alexander*'s ſorrow, becauſe I had no more worlds of Religion, no more *terra incognitas* to conquer, but a ſad melancholly ſtory of a Sage, and venerable Hermit.

Bays. *For Charity, replyed the Matron, tell,*
What ſad miſchance the Hermit ſage befell:
Hains. *Nay, no miſchance, reply'd the ſavage Dame,*
But too much vigour, and too fierce a flame,
And love too ſtrong, and ſomething elſe without a name.

To

To make ſhort work of my tale. This Hermit, I am diſcourſing of, had very honeſtly, and according to the letter lived up to his vow of Chaſtity, till he was near threeſcore years of age: Knew no more for what noble ends a woman was created, than the Young ignorant *Perſian* Prince in the Play; ſo you may imagine he had in this time amaſſed together a vaſt prodigious ſtock of Love, which like ill-managed hay that had not cocking and ſpreading enough, broke out at laſt into a flame, and threw him into a very violent burning Feavor.

Bays. And no more than what he deſerved, like an old penurious nigardly hunks as he was, to keep his Talent about him for ſo long a time uſeleſs, and unemployed.

Hains. The Phyſitians being ſent for to preſcribe what medicines they thought moſt convenient and ſuitable for their Patient, after they had acquainted themſelves with all the circumſtances of his indiſpoſition, they came to his bed ſide, and told him, there was only one way in the world for him to ſave his life, but that they queſtioned, whether a Gentleman of his nice ſqueamiſh Conſcience would ſubmit to follow the preſcription.

Bays. Show me that man, Mr. *Hains*, that won't ſacrifice all the vows and conſiderations in the world, rather than ſacrifice the beloved principle of ſelf preſervation, and I'll give you leave to make me your bond-ſlave.

Hains. Sir, ſaid they, you are a man of a ſanguine jolly complexion, and ought to have conſulted the intereſt of your own body ſo far, as to have drained it upon occaſion, when you found nature overcharged with ſuperfluous humours. To be plain with you, Sir, you have fooliſhly made a vow of chaſtity, and what is unpardonable in a perſon of your vigour, you have as fooliſhly obſerved it. There's nothing in the Univerſe can ſave you but a woman, take one into your bed, and manage her as you ſee fitting; you'll need no no directions in the caſe, only follow the impulſe of nature, and you may live as long as a Patriarch.

Bays. Well, commend me to ſuch honeſt Doctors as theſe, while you live, I'll maintain it, they were in the right.

Hains. The poor Gentleman conſidered a while with himſelf what he had beſt do. If he followed the Doctors advice he treſpaſſed upon his oath; and if he declin'd it, he muſt certainly die. At laſt the principle of ſelf-preſervation, as you very well obſerve, prevail'd upon him; ſo he ſent for a freſh juicy Girl of fifteen to paſs away the night with him. What they did together we cannot tell, for both the Greek and Latin Authors leave us in the dark as to that point. But 'tis agreed on all hands, the Nymph carried ſomething about her that was both a *Sudorific*, and an *Opiate*; for ſhe did firſt of all put the pious Hermit into a gentle ſweat, and afterwards caſt him into a gentler ſlumber.

Bays. I' gad, Mr. *Hains*, it happened juſt as I imagined.

Hains.

Hains. The next morning the Phyſitians came to ſee how matters ſucceeded with their Patient, and found him weeping very plentifully on his Pillow. They enquired of him then how he found himſelf, and whether the malignity of his diſtemper was abated or no; Gentlemen, ſays he, I took your counſel, and muſt needs own the preſcription was very natural and eaſie; it has perfectly recovered my health, only I cannot chuſe but weep to think what a ſtupid, ſenſeleſs blockhead I was, to deny my ſelf all along ſo ſweet a ſatisfaction as I enjoy'd laſt night, and that I never had the grace to experiment the pleaſure before now, when I am not in a capacity of enjoying it much longer.

Bays. Nay, I confeſs the peeviſh old fool had occaſion enough to bemoan his condition, but I don't underſtand, Mr. *Hains*, why the remembrance of his miſcarriage ſhould ſet you a weeping.

Hains. This it is to tell a ſtory to a man, that is not capable of making an application. If I muſt then be forced to make out every thing to you, I wept becauſe I turn'd Roman Catholic no ſooner.

Bays. Thanks to you for your Comment however, Mr. *Hains*, for I am as much in the dark now as I was before.

Hains. To condeſcend then to the weakneſs of your apprehenſion, you muſt know, I have broke many an honeſt aſſignation in my time, Mr. *Bays*, purely out of a principle of conſcience (wou'd you believe it?) and becauſe I looked upon that ſame buſineſs, you know what I mean, to be a very crying ſin. The truth on't is, I have had my failings, and back-ſlidings now and then, as well as others before me; but then my Conſcience certainly ſtared me in the face for it next morning, and ſometimes put me into ſuch a fright, that I could not recover my ſelf in a day or two. Now the Church of *Rome*, Mr. *Bays*, utterly ſtifles ſuch uncivil mortifying ſcruples as theſe, makes it at moſt but a venial ſin, and if you go to the Confeſſional (where 'tis as great a pleaſure for a man of a fruitful imagination to rehearſe the ſcene, as it was almoſt to act it,) there's ſome Eccleſiaſtical weapon-ſalve always to be had, that will make you whole in a moment. Now it was this conſideration, Mr. *Bays*, *viz.* that I was ſo unfortunate as to be proſelyted to ſo kind a Church in my old age, when I was not in a condition to uſe her favours long, that made me conſider of the poor Hermit: And both theſe conſiderations together made me weep ſo heartily, as I have told you.

Bays. Oh fie, Mr. *Hains*! who would expect to hear ſuch a light unbecoming paſſage drop from a perſon of your years. I'll take care to give you ſuch a temptation no more; now prithee what didſt thou do at *Malta* after thy converſion?

Hains. To ſhow my ſelf a true obedient Son of the Church, and that I underſtood the priviledges of my place, I immediately entered into a pious intreague with the Grand-Maſter's Miſtreſs, as I have already acquainted you.

Bays. And didst thou lye with her at last, Noble Comedian? where I pray, and how often?

Hains. Oh! *you'd take care to give me such temptation no more.* Thank you, Mr. *Bays*, for that I' faith; I don't use to tell tales out of School ——Shortly after this, our Ambassador dying, Sir *William S ——ms* by name, I lost the long-expected opportunity of seeing *Constantinople*, that I had so earnestly desired.

Bays Prithee what great advantages could you propose to your self, Mr. *Hains*, by going thither?

Hains. I had read among some of my Authors, that a celebrated Musitian and Poet of *Thrace*, his name was *Orpheus*, formerly danced his savage countrymen into good Manners, and Religion. Now I was in hopes of doing much the same feats as my *Thracian* predecessor did; that is, of dancing the Grand Signor and his Divan out of their old brutality and nonsense, into the Christian perswasion. Or, if that device fail'd, I desired to mutter some exceptions against the *Alcoran* amongst the women of my acquaintance there, and at the same time to make some new plausible Glosses and Comments upon their Law, which would have certainly rais'd a Schism in their Churches at long run.

Bays. That would have done very well, I confess, for I know, Mr. *Hains*, you love mischief with all your heart. But where did you steer your course after this unlucky disappointment.

Hains. I took the first opportunity was offer'd me, to ship my self for *Italy*. The first Port we touched at, was *Leghorn*, where I desired to be set ashore. From thence I took a journey to *Florence*, to renew my acquaintance with the Great Duke, whom I had the happiness to know formerly in *England*. He received me with that address and magnificence, which is peculiar to the *Italian* Princes, made me Operator (as I may so say it) in the *English* tongue to his Son, allowed me a Coach and six, and to maintain all this grandeur, besides his private largesses, assigned me fifty Crowns a month duly out of his treasury.

Bays. Well, thou art a fortunate fellow, that's certain. At the same time, Mr. *Hains*, was I a drudging at controversie here in *England*, and writing for the Cause; yet none of these blessings lighted upon me.

Hains. Some time after this, I begged leave of the Duke to go and visit the *Limina Apostolorum* at *Rome*, and satisfie my self with the curiosities of that ancient City. He granted my request, and sent me thither with all my above-mentioned splendor, and gallantry, with abundance of recommendations to Cardinals, Princes, and most of the eminent, considerable persons in and about the Town.

Bays. If you were not my friend, Mr. *Hains*, I could envy you for all this happiness.

Hains. It happened just at my arrival to *Rome*, that a certain *English* Peer, who is now in durance, changed his Religion, and designed the week following

following to make a solemn abjuration of it in the Pope's Chappel. Hearing of my conversion, he desired me to bear him company in the Ceremony, and assured me, he'd take it for a particular favour. I soon consented, because I had not as yet renounced my former Heresie in publick. So on the day appointed, my Lord having a large Wax Taper in his hand, stuck all o'er with Diamonds in honour of the Virgin *Mary*, knocked at the Chappel door for admittance, which was readily granted. After him comes Mr. *Joseph Haines*, the Comedian, with little devotion in his looks, and a less Farthing Candle in his hand, of about some twenty four to the pound, and nothing near so thick as an ordinary Tobacco-pipe.

Bays. How, Mr. *Haines!* Did you design to affront 'em then in their own quarters?

Haines. Pray Sir listen. I knocked at the Chappel door, but the fellow judging the merits of my Piety by the merits of my Candle, as 'tis generally the way in *Italy*, refused to let me in. Then I rapped at the door again, and as loud I'gad as a bluftering Seamans Widdow at the Navy-Office, or a bilked Client at a sleepy Lawyer's Chamber at the Temple. At last, through the intercession of my Noble Companion, who told em plainly, he'd abjure nothing without me, they condescended to admit me into the Chappel, but first demanded, why I brought along with me so small a Candle.

Bays. I expect to hear what answer you cou'd make 'em.

Haines. Says one of them, who seem'd to be the principal man amongst 'em, *ex Candela tua judicaberis*, and quoted St. *Cyprian* for the saying; for a Candle, continued he, is an infallible testimony of a man's devotion, the whiteness of the colour shews the purity of the heart, as the bigness of the light shews the bigness of the illumination within, and therefore a great deal of devotion can no more find its way without a great Candle, than a great Ship can sail without a great Mast. He had run on, I believe, in a speech an hour long about the excellency and virtue of great Candles, but that I interrupted him, and said, Sir, all this I acknwledge to be true. I design'd you no affront or disrespect; what I have done, proceeds only from a principle of humility, and a true sense of my own meanness, that the exiguity (if I may so call it, my most reverend Father) of the Oblation might bear a just proportion to the exiguity of the Offerer.

Bays. That excuse, I suppose, atton'd for you Mr. *Haines*.

Haines. At this he relented somewhat; and so we proceeded to the business in hand, where we abjur'd *Lutheranism*, and *Calvinism*, and *Zuinglianism*, and every *Ism*, in the World, as I know of, except *Christism* and *Paganism*. But I remember, the good natured Priest, that railled me so severely about my Farthing-Offering, made me abjure small Candles into the bargain, as well as Heresie: For, says he, we have a proverb at *Rome*, that a little Faith, and a little Candle are always tallies one to another.

Bays. But prithee, Mr. *Hains*, (for I know you to be a ſagacious diſcreet perſon) give me your opinion of *Rome*; how do you like the Ceremonies and Cuſtoms of it? did not the Religion of the place ſtrike a wonderful awe and terrour into thee?

Hains. To ſay the truth, Mr. *Bays*, I like the Women, the Painting, the Muſic, and the Company one meets there, well enough; and the Religion too, provided you give it another name, call it Acting, or ſhewing, or rehearſing, or playing; and not Religion.

Bays. What mean you by this Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. I find, Poet *Squab*, I muſt take the ſame Method with you, as your Country Parſons do with a dull heavy Pariſhioner, and help the weakneſs of your apprehenſion with a ſimile. At an Inn in a ſmall Village in *Italy* I asked my Landlord, whether they had a Barber in the Town. *Ay Sir*, ſays he, *we have got a Carpenter.* A Carpenter? anſwer'd I, what do you mean? I have no great occaſion at preſent to have my Head chopp'd off, my Beard will ſerve the turn. *Sir*, crys the Inn-keeper, *he follows the calling of a Barber, but was originally a Carpenter. In ſhort, (as our learned Prieſt has diſtinguiſhed upon him) by profeſſion he's a Carpenter, but a Barber by vocation.*

Bays. Very well, and did you ſend for him?

Hains. The fellow came, and began to fall briskly about his work, but put me to ſo much pain, that I was forced to deſire him to forbear. *Stop Friend, let me ask you one civil queſtion before you proceed any further. Do you call this Flaying or Shaving? If you call it Flaying 'tis pretty tollerable. But if you call it Shaving, why then, my Friend, 'tis the Devil all over.* Even ſo Little *Bays.*

Bays. Even ſo, Little Count.——

Hains. If you call the Religion of *Rome* acting, or ſhowing, or rehearſing, or any thing of that nature, 'tis well enough: But if you call it Religion, Mr. *Bays*, I don't know what to ſay to it. But you know my Talent lyes another way, the greateſt Correſpondence I kept there, was amongſt the Ladies, and I muſt needs own they are the moſt Courteous, Affable, Condeſcending Creatures in the whole World.

Bays. I' faith, Dear Rogue, we were told here in *England*, that you had an Amour with the Queen of *Sweden*. Come, we are amongſt our ſelves, and you may confeſs the truth without any danger; did'ſt thou ever paſs a Night or ſo with her Majeſty, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. Oh ſtrange, Mr. *Bays!* I thought you had not forgot the old ſaying, *De mortuis nil niſi Bonum.* Indeed there paſſed a kind of a civil commerce between her Majeſty and my ſelf. I have ſome forty *Billets doux* of her own hand-writing ſtill by me at home, beſides a Gold Medal, and two or three other ſmall Tokens of her kindneſs, which I wou'd not part with for all the World. But I wonder Mr. *Bays*, that a Man of your Character and Gravity wou'd put ſuch an uncivil queſtion to your Friend: Nay they reported here in Town, that I lay with the late Pope, and half the Cardinals,

dinals, but neither I nor you, Mr. *Bays*, can ſtop the Peoples Mouths if they have a mind to talk. They ſay it is their Birth-right, and property, and they won't part with it.

Bays. I have experienced that truth in my time, as well as your ſelf Mr. *Hains*, and I cou'd give you ſeveral melancholly inſtances of it, if I pleas'd. But leaving the Cenſorious world to it ſelf, if you have any diverting ſtory to impart to your humble ſervant, prithee communicate it.

Hains. Ay, with all my Heart, Mr. *Bays*, and I'le chuſe you out one; that ſhall ſerve to acquaint you once for all, how obliging the Females, in that Sunny part of the Globe generally are. One afternoon, as I was walking from my Lodging, to pay a viſit to the Embaſſadour, I chanced to ſee a very pretty Woman in Bookſellers Shop. Having no extraordinary buſineſs upon my hands at that time, I thought it not amiſs to trifle away an hour or two in civil converſation with her.

Bays. Very good.

Hains. So I ſtept into the Shop, ſending my company away before me, amongſt whom was a certain young Gentleman that I ſuppoſe you may know, for he has writ a very pretty Latin Copy of Verſes upon *Arlington* Gardens; and to colour the matter, asked her; Madam, pray have you got Signor *Palladio's* Book of Architecture, 'tis a thick Quarto, Printed at *Bologna*.

Bays. Well, for the contrivance, and good management of a deſign, thou haſt not thy fellow; but pray go on.

Hains. Sir, ſaid ſhe, my husband is not in town, he's gone as far as *Preſcati* to take a little country air. Madam, ſaid I again, I have no manner of buſineſs with your husband, I know him not; but pray Madam have you got *Signor Palladio's* Book in your ſhop that I enquir'd for. Sir, ſays ſhe, upon my word he's dangerouſly overgone with a conſumption, and all the Doctors in Town deſpair of his recovery.

Bays. This Lady, Mr *Hains*, as far as I can conjecture, had a mind to play at croſs purpoſes with you.

Hains. No, no, ſhe had a mind to play at ſomething elſe, as you'l perceive by and by, but that's your miſtake now, as well as it was mine. I made bold to enquire for the Book once more of her Ladyſhip, and ſhe told me ſhe had it in the ſhop, then pointed with her hand to the place where it was, and bad me reach it down.

Bays. Nay, now I cannot imagine where the buſineſs will end for the heart of me.

Hains. To ſave my ſelf the trouble, ſeeing a boy in the ſhop, I ſpoke to him to take it down for me. When preſently the Lady pulling her ſnuff-box out of her pocket, *Pietro*, ſays ſhe, go carry my ſnuff-box to Signor *Orſino's* (and he lived about a mile off on the other ſide the water) and deſire him to fill it with the beſt ſnuff he has. When the Boy was gone——

Bays. Ay, when the Boy was gone, Mr. *Hains*, what follow'd then?

Hains. Prithee don't be too haſty, Mr. *Bays*. Sir, ſays ſhe, this Signor

Orſino

Orsino sells the best Snuff in *Rome*, without disparagement to any one else. All the Grandees, and persons of good condition about the Town buy of him, and I fancy Sir, you as well as all other well-bred Ingenious Gentlemen, are a great admirer of Snuff.

Bays. But what became of your Book all this while?

Hains. After her little chat about Snuff was over, I asked her again for the Book. Sir, says she, you may reach it down, if you please to give your self that trouble. Then I inquir'd the price of it, and she told me, that her Husband about a Week before he went into the Country, had at her request (for she did not pretend to understand the mystery of her trade) written down the lowest price of every Book in the waft leaf before the Title-page. I told her, 'twas just three Crowns, and tender'd her the Money on the Counter.

Bays. Well, prithee dispatch your story, for it begins to be tedious.

Hains. She gave me my Money back again, and taking my by the hand, Sir, says she, the Book is at your service; 'tis our fashion here in *Rome* to present a stranger with a trifle of this nature, to engage him to be a Customer to us. I thanked the Lady very heartily, and told her I was going to the English Embassadour's, and so cou'd not conveniently carry the Book away with me at that time, only desired her to lay it up safely for me, till I should call for it as I came that way again.

Bays. So, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. Lay it up for you! cries the Lady; come Sir, you shall see how carefully I'le dispose of it. With that she pulls me by the hand after her, runs up stairs into her Bed-Chamber, and lays the Book directly under her Pillow.

Bays. Now I gad the Plot begins to thicken, with a witness.

Hains. With no witness you shou'd have said Mr. *Bays.* I then laid the Lady's Head upon the Pillow; and when I had so done, I ran down the stairs as hard as ever I cou'd drive.

Bays. No, no, you did not Mr. *Hains*, you are a man of too much good breeding I am sure, to leave a fair Lady in the lurch; you and she, I don't question, blown between you, laid a foundation for something upon your famous Book of Architecture. But my noble Comedian, what said she to you at parting?

Hains. Thou art my singular good Friend, Dear *Sequob*, and I can deny thee nothing. Signor *Giuseppe*, says she, (for you may imagin by this time we grew pretty intimate) you *Tramontani* are the most indocible, stupid, unthinking, undivining dogs in the whole World. A Lady takes as much pains to make you comprehend her meaning, as a Creditor, when he tells you a lamentable story of his Wife, and five Children, to make you understand he wants a little of your Money; and tho we make the matter never so obvious, yet you stand gaping and staring, as if we were discoursing to you in *Arabic* all the while. In fine, I'de rather undertake the Enterprize of making a super dos'd Philosopher understand his own non-

sense, than one of your Phlegmatic Gentlemen beyond the Hills understand a Ladies virtuous thoughts at first sight.

Bays. Nay, the reproach was just and pertinent enough in all conscience; for a man of Gallantry, like your true well-bred Spaniel ought to fall upon the Game with a wink or a nod, without giving his Master the trouble of crying out to him. But under favour, Mr. *Hains*, these noble frolicks of yours I am afraid made fine work at the Confessional.

Hains. Troth, *Mr. Bays*, I never understood the great virtue or necessity of that Pagan Institution, unless it were, that the Priests (a pox take them) should know where the greatest Fornication and Adultery in the Kingdom was stirring, and who were the ablest dealers. But this way of proceeding as I take it, utterly discourages Trade, and ruines the growth of those noble Manufactures. As for my self, I bless my Stars, I took wiser methods in that case, than the rest of Mankind generally do, and instead of making it a punishment to my self, so contrived the matter, as to make it ten times a greater plague to my Confessor.

Bays. Prithee tell me how, honest Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. Why, sometimes I would, go you to the Confessional, and pretending a great deal of simplicity, banter the old Gentleman with such a story as this: Reverend Father, I had a horrible dream last Night about the Cham of *Tartary*, and the great *Mogul*. What was it, Son, cries he? I dreamt that those two puissant Monarchs laid their Heads together to ruine and undermine the Christian Religion, and that in order thereunto, they design'd to send a huge over-grown two-handed Elephant to *Rome*, under a pretence of showing his Tricks at a Fair, but that the real design was to corrupt Mr. *Schelstrat* the Pope's Library-keeper, to put the Vatican on his back, some dark night or other, and so to bilk his Lodgings, march away with all the Books and Registers in the Library, and leave us in everlasting confusions. Therefore, dear Sir, I would desire you of all loves to go immediately to the Consistory, and acquaint them with my dream, that they may take *Mr. Schelstrat* into Custody, and to prevent such a Tragical, Unchristian design from taking effect, place a continual Guard of Souldiers about the Vatican.

Bays. This was the right way indeed, to torment your spiritual Director, but did you always serve him thus?

Hains. No, dear Squob, for I shifted the Scene every month at least. At another time I wou'd think of all the lewd, dismal, wicked things in the world, and discharge them into his bosom. I would tell him that such a Night I lay with such a Princess, the next with such a Countess, the third with such a Noblemans Lady or Daughter; then name the time, the place, the posture, and every circumstance. As for example, sometimes we did it on a Bed, sometimes under a Haycock, sometimes on a Couch, and sometimes on a Chair, with the back turned to the Wall, and all the while I trembled like a repeating School-boy on a *Friday*, or a new Member at

his

his first haranguing about the Liberty of the Subject, in the House; till the poor Priest at the bare recital of these Romantick adventures, looked as pale as a Hypocondriac believer of Phantoms, with reading a story or two out of the *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, or a frolicksom set of Porters in a dark Cellar, by the melancholly light of burnt Brandy.

Bays. Thou art an Original in thy kind, upon my word, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. After I have amused him enough with this kind of Ribaldry, to close up all, Sir, says I, there still lies upon my Conscience something which I have not yet discovered to you, but is of so sinful, and tremendous and transcendant a nature, that I dare scarce utter it, as wicked as I am. Now the blundering Confessor expects to hear of a Nun ravished on an Altar, a Pix plunder'd of the Wafer, or some such dreadful passage as that. But, Sir, says I, to undeceive him, last *Wednesday* I stole a consecrated Bell from one of St. *Anthony's* Pigs, and coyn'd it into Copper Farthings. Such a day, Sir, I pinn'd a Foxes Tail on a Monks Cowl, or for want of a better convenience, I pist into the Holy-water-Pot, or untruss'd on Consecrated Ground. *Sunday* was a fortnight, Sir, between the hours of four and five, as I was walking through such an Ally, I pass'd by an Old Civil Gentlewoman, sitting in her Elbow-Chair by the door, and very devoutly reading *The Spiritual Carduus posset for a sinners Belly-ake*, and I like a graceless rascal as I was, stole away her Spectacles from her venerable Red Nose, and have since converted 'em to the profane use of lighting my Tobacco by the Sun-shine.

Bays. Ha! Ha! Ha! honest Mr. *Hains*, I shall most infallibly spoil my self with laughing at these pleasant conceits. But did you never acquaint your Ecclesiastical Dragoman with any of your true intreagues, your true Mistresses names.

Hains. No, have a care of that, Dear *Squob*, ever whilst you live, I don't love to have my game beat up by a stranger, or to be disturbed in my own quarters. Trust a Priest with your Mistresses name! Trust a Parliament-man with a design against *Magna-Charta*, or the Ribbon-Weavers with an invention to promote the Woollen Manufacture, trust your Estate with a Lawyer, or your good name with a dealer in Lampoons.

Bays. But, my Noble Comedian, how came you to escape a good round swinging Pennance now and then for your frolics; methinks if I had the management of thee, I should soon make thee weary of these extravagancies.

Hains. Why I heartily thank 'em, out of their abundant zeal and charity sometimes they prescribe me a hundred *Pater Nosters* a day, that go down just like so many hundred ounces of chopt Hay with me, and no better. I am too old I'faith now, to say a hundred *Pater Nosters* in a day for any Priest in Christendom; tho if a man submitted to the performance, the punishment were not very great, for the trouble lies, like in your making of Rhymes, Mr. *Bays*, more in the fingers, than the head.

Bays. Nay, now I lay aside all hopes of ever taming you.

Hains. Sometimes they advise me, Mr. *Bays*, to subdue and mortifie my wicked

wicked body with a Diſcipline, but as wicked as it is, I ſee no reaſon why my Body ſhould ſuffer for the tranſgreſſion of my Soul. Sometimes they recommend faſting to me for a very wholeſom thing, but alas! faſting never agreed with my conſtitution. Once indeed, and never but once, I was ſent on a Pilgrimage barefoot to *Loretto*, but ſuch a pennance as that, is a meer paſtime, and nothing elſe, to a man that knows how to ſanctifie an Affliction.

Bays. Sanctifie an Affliction! What mean you by that, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. Why, to make the beſt of a bad market, to view only the comfortable ſide of a thing, and paſs it off with a jeſt, and a fit of laughter. And thus I remember, I relieved my Taylor at *Rome*, when he was ready to ſink under the weight of a certain heavy misfortune. He came to my Lodgings one morning, and in a very doleful tone told me he was undone. In the name of theft, and petty Larceny, ſaid I to him, what's the matter? *Sir, ſaid he, ſome three nights ago being got in my ſtilts, and all that.* Your ſtilts you Rogue, and all that, leave your canting, and tell me what you mean. *An't pleaſe you, Sir, cryes the Taylor, having got drunk, I took up with a common Wench in the ſtreets, and have met with a Clap.* Is that all, you Son of a Bodkin and Thimble you, to make all this noiſe and pother about? Down upon your Marrow-bones, you Raſcal, ſay your prayers, and bleſs Providence for your good luck, for now you'l piſs Needles for nothing.

Bays. And did the fellow then take this drollery of yours in good part?

Hains. Take it in good part, little *Bays*? Why he fell a grinning immediately upon it, and looked fifty *per Cent.* better, than when he firſt came into the room. Nay, he was ſo far pleaſed with the quibble, that he asked my advice very ſoberly, whether he had beſt cure himſelf, or let his diſtemper run upon him. For, Sir, ſaid he, very prudently in the caſe, after I have once cured my ſelf, Sir, the jeſt will be quite ſpoil'd.

Bays. But prithee tell me, Mr. *Hains*, what remedies you us'd to make your *Loretto*-Pilgrimage eaſie, and diverting to you.

Hains. Provided you'l never ſteal 'em from me, I will. Sometimes, Mr. *Bays*, when I overtook a Covey of young ſilly Country Girls upon the road, I ſet up for a Fortune-teller, and talked of the Planets, and Twelve Houſes, and pretended I was a perſon of great skill and dexterity in that myſterious Science. Preſently all of 'em were mighty inquiſitive to know their fortunes. Dear Conjurer, crys one, for God's ſake tell me what kind of a Husband am I to have? Why, ſays I, ſtaring her full in the face, and ſqueezing her by the hand, he has red hair, and his name is *Belſhazzer*. Dear Conjurer, ſays another, can you tell me when my jealous Mother-in-law will go the way of all fleſh? 'Tis impoſſible, anſwer'd I, for *Errapater* himſelf, if he were alive, to reſolve ſuch a queſtion as this, unleſs he knew the party; beſides to ſatisfie you once for all, I never meddle with ſuch matters; the Stars that I have to deal with, have nothing at all to do with Church-yards or Burials. Marriages, you know, are all made in Heaven, and a man of Art may as plainly read 'em there, as his A, B, C. If you pleaſe to conſult me in that affair, I am at your ſervice.

Bays. Very pretty I proteſt.

Hains. I had no ſooner ſpoke the words, but a pretty bluſhing Damoſel plucked me by the ſleeve, and told me ſhe had ſomething to communicate, but did not care to let her Companions hear it. When they were at ſome diſtance, worthy Sir, ſays ſhe, I have two Suitors of the ſame Age and fortune, that daily preſs me to marry, and I don't know which of them to chuſe for the heart of me; ſometimes I love one beſt, and the next hour I love the other beſt. Could you adviſe me, Dear Conjurer, what to do in this perplexity.

Bays. And what anſwer did the Seven Planets return to this profound queſtion.

Hains. Sweet heart, ſaid I, this is a very nice buſineſs, but however, I'll put you in a certain way, how to make your choice to the beſt advantage. You muſt riſe every morning preciſely at four, and go to your window in your Smock; then you muſt bow towards the *Eaſt* twelve times exactly, and no more; afterwards turn to the *Weſt*, and bow ſix times. This you muſt do for the ſpace of fifteen days without fail; during which time you are not to ſpeak one ſyllable to either of your Lovers. You muſt likewiſe all this while waſh your hands and face four times a day, and dreſs and undreſs your ſelf as often.

Bays. I wonder, how thou couldſt banter a poor innocent creature ſo?

Hains. When the time is expired, place a Candle juſt in the middle of your Bedchamber, and that exactly about two in the morning; then take your Lovers names written in two ſeveral pieces of paper, and ſtanding with your face towards the Chimny, throw 'em over your left ſhoulder: Afterwards proſtrate your ſelf upon the ground, and repeat twenty *Ave Maries:* Him, whoſe name lights next the Candle you muſt marry, but be ſure you tye him faſt the *Sunday* following; you'll have a dozen Children by him, that I can tell you for your comfort, and one of 'em will live to be a Cardinal.

Bays. But what other diverſions did you meet upon the way, Noble Count?

Hains. Sometimes it was my fortune to meet a ſullen herd of Religious Coxcombs, that would be wrangling as heartily about the priority of their Countrymen in the Almanac, as two young ſober Sparks of each Univerſity, uſe to diſpute about the merits of the Theatre, and Kings College-Chappel. I remember, I once encountered a *Millaneſe* and a *Frenchman* very zealouſly engaged in ſuch a diſpute. One ſtood up for St. *Carlo*, the other vindicated St. *Francis de Sales*. When they were pretty well warm'd with the Controverſie, and ſome angry words had paſſed between them.

Bays. And that was no ſmall ſatisfaction to a perſon of thy temper, Mr. *Hains.*

Hains. I took my *Milaneſe* aſide, and told him, *may the Indignation of St.* Carlo *light heavily upon thee, if thou doeſt not revenge his quarrel.* Then wheeling about to the dapper *Frenchman*, I whiſpered him in the Ear, *Stand up for St.* Francis *whatever you do, don't ſee him affronted, he'll remember you for't.*

for't another day. With that the Noble Champions, without any more ceremony, fell to fiſticuffs; and battered and tore one anothers Countenances very furiouſly.

Bays. To thy great comfort, no queſtion, on't,

Hains. When they had ſpilt blood enough in all conſcience about ſo meritorious a quarrel, I interpoſed between 'em, as in duty bound, and ſaid to them, *Come, Gentlemen, you have done enough for your two Friends, they'll reward you for't it without queſtion in the next world; let me have the honour to reconcile you now, and at the next Tavern you ſhall ſhake hands over a bottle of Wine and be Friends.* And thus, Mr. *Bays*, I had the good fortune to engage ſome two and fifty pair of Pious Combatants, in my Pilgrimage to *Loretto.*

Bays. Nay, as you ordered matters, Mr. *Hains*, the Pilgrimage carried but very little Pennance with it.

Hains. One remarkable paſſage happened in my way thither, which I cannot chuſe but relate to you, 'tis ſo very comical and diverting. Going through a certain Country Village, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, I ſtep into the Church, as they were juſt going to act the Decollation of the Baptiſt.

Bays. How happen'd that, prithee?

Hains. You muſt know it was St. *John*'s day, and the ſober devout people of the Pariſh, had built a Stage of Deal Boards in the Body of the Church, for the better convenience of repreſenting the Tragedy. It was my good luck to come in, juſt as they were beginning the ſhow. There was an ill-looked ſurly Butcher they had pitched upon to act *Herod*'s part, he had a gilt Paſt-board Crown upon his Head, that glittered finely by the Candle-light; and as ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf in an old venerable Wicker-chair, that ſerv'd him for his Throne, the Fiddles ſtruck up, and the Damoſel began to ſhake her Heels.

Bays. With the help of a little imagination, My Noble Comedian, thou couldſt fancy thy ſelf then in a Booth at *Smith-field*, or *Sturbridge* Fair.

Hains. After the Dance was over, King *Herod* with a great deal of Majeſty came to the Damoſel, and in the following Rhymes (which the Curate of the Pariſh compos'd upon that occaſion, and I have ſince tranſlated) thus complemented her;

Well haſt thou danc'd Illuſtrious Maid,
I like thy graceful motion;
Ask what thou wilt, and by my Soul
'Tis all at thy devotion.

Then the Young Girl went, and whiſpered her Mother *Herodias* in the ear. After they had concerted the matter between 'em, ſhe fell down upon her Marrow-bones, and pointing at an old grave Farmer that repreſented the Baptiſt, ſhe thus delivered her ſelf.

If Sir, you ſpeak your real ſenſe,
And don't your Hand-maid flatter,
I humbly beg upon my knees,

The Butcher looked about him as ſternly as one of his *White-Chappel* Brethren, or as one of *Elkanah*'s paſſionate bluſtering Heroes; and taking a turn or two about the Stage, to vent his Royal choler, made this anſwer.

Fair cruel Maid recall your wiſh,
Or let me break you of it.
I'de rather abdicate my Crown,
Than ſacrifice my Prophet.

The Young Girl continued ſtill in her Petition, according to her Mothers advice, who ſometimes winked, ſometimes held up her hand, and ſometimes nodded at her.

If thus, Dread Sir, you break your vows,
The Ladies will forſwear you;
Or ſhould they ſtill your favours court,
Faith, I'll ne'er dance before you.

That reflexion touch'd the Butcher to the Quick, you may ſuppoſe; ſo he bit his Thumbs, and paus'd a while; but recollecting himſelf at laſt, and being inform'd what the Caſuiſts uſe to ſay in thoſe matters, he made this defence,

Forſwearing is a weak pretence,
Onever, never ſpeak it:
A wicked Oath, like Six-pence cracks
Keep not, but rather break it.

Not to be tedious in my ſtory, Mr. *Bays*, when the Butcher, or King *Herod*, call him which you pleaſe, found that the Damoſel was inflexible, he was forced to conſent to his decollation; at pronouncing of which ſentence there were more weeping eyes in the Church, than there were at the firſt acting of Mr. *Lee's* Proteſtant Play, *The Maſſacre of Paris*. But however, to make the Baptiſt amends, theſe civil people ſuffered his repreſentative, the honeſt Farmer, to dye with all the punctilio's and decency of a good Chriſtian; ſo he went very demurely to a fat tun-bellied Prieſt that ſtood in a corner of the Stage, and confeſſed his ſins to him.

Bays. That was ridiculous enough I muſt own, but prithee how ended the Farce?

Hains. What followed was ten times worſe, for the two Souldiers that had executed him in Effigie, ran up and down the Church, raving and crying like mad-men; at laſt they threw themſelves down at the Confeſſional, with looks full of ſorrow and contrition; aggravating the cruelty of that barbarous murder, and humbly requeſted their Spiritual Guide to aſſign 'em ſome remarkable pennance for the expiation of their horrid guilt. So the Prieſt e'en took 'em at their words, order'd 'em to go bare-foot to *Loretto*, and I had the honour of their company thither all the reſt of the way.

Bays. Well, and what obſervable paſſages did you ſee at *Loretto*?

Hains. Why, I ſaw a Million of pious, Lunatic Fools there, of all Ages, Sexes, and Countries, and if begging of *Ideots* were the faſhion of *Italy*, I had made my fortune for ever. There I ſaw the Celebrated Cell, that they ſay has tra-

vell'd ſo many Leagues in the Air; and the famous *Madona* of St. *Luke*, who has Pictur'd the Virgin like a *Black-Moor*. At the *Annunciata* in *Florence* they ſhow you a Picture of her drawn by an Angel, but 'tis meer vile daubing like t his at *Loretto*; ſo for my part, Mr. *Bays*, I am as much prejudiced againſt any Painting that's ſaid to be done by an Angel or an Evangeliſt, as I am againſt a Book that is ſaid to be written by a perſon of Quality in the Title-page. After I had ſtared about me for ſome two or three days, and viewed all the rarities of the place; with half a dozen honeſt Female Pilgrims in my company, I ſet forward for *Florence*, and on the way thought of a certain famous ſtory in Sir *Henry Blunt*'s Travels.

Bays. What was that Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. He tells you, when he was at *Conſtantinople*, he ſaw a Turkiſh Prieſt ſell one of his believing Chapmen the merits of two years living in a Hermitage for a Buſhel of Rice, and as much Engliſh Cloath, as wou'd ſerve to make a *Janizaries* Coat. Nay, wou'd you believe it Mr. *Bays*? the honeſt *Mahometan* Theologue threw a Pilgrimage to *Meccha* into the bargain. This was fair play for you now, Poet *Squab*, was it not? And if the Catholic Prieſts wou'd but uſe the ſame civility toward their cuſtomers, it wou'd prevent all this beating of the Hoof to *Loretto*, and ſave as much Leather of Pilgrims Toes in a year, as wou'd ſerve to bind both the Polyglott, and the Councils.

Bays. Dear Comedian, let me conjure thee to make none of theſe vile reflections, for thou art as full of 'em as a new Author is of his Similies, or an *Iriſhman* of his *Inniskilling* Miracles. But if you pleaſe purſue the Hiſtory of your Travels.

Hains. After I had glutted my ſelf with *Florence*; I humbly requeſted the Great Duke to give me leave to come for *England*, not at all queſtioning to meet with conſiderable preferment there, partly for the merits of my converſion, and partly for the Letters of Commendation, which I brought along with me from Princes, and Dukes, and Cardinals, and Abbots, and the Devil and all of good quality. But Alas! Mr. *Bays*, I found my ſelf exceedingly miſtaken; I cou'd not prevail with one ſingle creature at Court to believe a Syllable of my Converſion, and paſs'd as unregarded every where, as a broken Projector, a fall'n States-man, or a begging Scholar.

Bays. Nay, you, and I Mr. *Hains*, may ſhake hands as for this particular; I have writ for the Church, and Tranſlated for the Church, and flatter'd for the Church, and Libell'd for the Church, nay I have own'd my ſelf in Print a Rogue, a graceleſs Rogue for the Church; and yet, Mr. *Hains*, the Church never conſidered me.

Hains. When I came into any company at Court; Mr. *Hains* ſays one, how do you like the Plays, and *Opera's* in *Italy*? Mr. *Hains*, ſays another what think you of their Harlequin and Scaramouchi? But not a word of, Mr. *Hains*, how do you like their Sermons, and Religious exerciſes, or Mr. *Hains* what think you of the Pope, and Cardinals.

Bays. At the ſame time, that I did all theſe conſiderable ſervices for the

Church, the other party that I deſerted, were continually upon my bones. They baited my *Hind* and *Panther* with a City Mouſe and a Country Mouſe, and were ſo malicious to my noble Beaſts, as to ſurprize 'em napping, and ſo the two Mice got the victory. Another nameleſs Scribbler dated my Converſion in a Brandyſhop, and hired two unmerciful Bullies of the Town, *Mr. Crites* and *Mr. Eugenius*, to toſs me in a Blanket from *Greenwich* to *London*, and afterwards from St. *James*'s Park to *Wills* Coffee-houſe.

Hains. But this was not all: crys one, *Mr. Hains*, when will you ſend Cardinal *Howard* the four Half-Crowns you borrow'd of him; crys another, *Mr. Hains*, when do you think of returning the Pope the Riding-Coat and Tobacco-box he lent you. Fye for ſhame, *Mr. Hains*, crys a third, that you wou'd pawn the Queen of *Sweden*'s Guitarr at a *Bordello*; and run away with that little *Engliſh* you had been teaching the Prince of *Tuſcany* two years? In ſhort, there was never a Prince, or Duke, or Lord in *Italy*, but they ſaid, I plunder'd him of a Watch, a Snuff box, or a Tooth-picker.

Bays. That was very ſevere indeed, Brother *Hains.*

Hains. What vexed me moſt was, that the very Cits put their affronts upon me: Juſt after the revolution, when there were ſtrict orders iſſued out to ſearch the houſes of Papiſts, or reputed Papiſts; do you mind me, brother *Bays*? I met the Conſtable with his guard of Myrmidons about him in the ſtreet, ſome two or three doors from my own houſe: *Good morrow, Mr. Conſtable*, ſaid I, *what mighty buſineſs are you going upon this morning*? I am going to ſearch the *Roman Catholicks* houſes for Arms, anſwer'd he. *I am very glad I faith then I met you ſo luckily*, ſaid I, *for you ſhall go immediately with me, and ſearch my houſe.* Search your Houſe, Mr. *Hains*? For what I prithee? *Why dont you know*, ſaid I, *that I am a Papiſt, Mr. Conſtable*? Pray, Mr. *Hains*, ſaid he, let me go about my buſineſs, and don't diſturb me. *Why I have ſeen the Pope man, and lived theſe two years in* Italy. No matter for that, Mr. *Hains*, I know you well enough. *I have din'd a hundred times with Cardinal* Howard, *and at the Jeſuits College.* I can't help it, Mr. *Hains*, but pray don't be troubleſome. *Why don't you take me for a Papiſt then, Mr. Conſtable*? Lord, Mr. *Hains*, why will you banter one ſo, and make me loſe time here. At laſt, *Mr. Bays*, this uncivil, unmannerly, unbelieving beaſt of a Conſtable, gave me a bottle of Wine at the Tavern to trouble him no more about this buſineſs.

Bays. My own caſe, I'gad, *Mr. Hains.*

Hains. Lord! thought I with my ſelf, what a degenerate, profligate, ſcandalous Age do we live in, that I cannot paſs for a Papiſt, or at leaſt for a reputed Papiſt?

Bays. I have the very ſame complaint to make, if you knew all brother *Hains*; nay, the Rabble wou'd not do me that Chriſtian favour as to break my Windows.

Hains. I then reſolved to go to an honeſt Juſtice of my acquaintance, that lives at the other end of the Town ——

Bays. What, to get a Warrant, brother *Hains*, for that Infidel of a Con-

Hains. No, Mr. *Bays*, to diſcourſe the point with him ſoberly, and know what advice he could give me upon the matter. When I had open'd my caſe to him, and ——

Bays. Told him, I ſuppoſe, what a baſe trick the Conſtable ſerv'd you.

Hains. The Devil take the Conſtable for me, how he runs in thy head. Really, ſays he, Mr. *Hains*, your caſe is extreamly mortifying and ſad; 'tis, as I take it, a very lamentable afflicting caſe. Shou'd you abjure all Religion, *Mr. Hains*, why then you would have the ſame reputation in the World ſtill, as you have at preſent; now to revenge your ſelf upon the World, you muſt be of one Religion, or other, that's certain.

Bays. Very well.

Hains. Conſidering the preſent circumſtances of affairs, ſays he, I am of opinion the Proteſtant Religion will ſerve you the beſt of any, and conſidering you are a Poet, *Mr. Hains*, I ſhall only make uſe of two arguments to reduce you to it: The firſt is Intereſt, which a Poet ought always principally to mind; now the Proteſtant Religion, *Mr. Hains*, will qualifie you again for the Play-houſe, or for the Guards, or for any other employment about the City. The ſecond is the Faſhion, which a Poet likewiſe ought to obſerve as religiouſly, as he does his Intereſt. Theſe two points, *Mr. Hains*, (for I wont urge any more upon you) I ſhall leave you to conſider, while I am taking a turn or two in the Garden, and then expect your anſwer.

Bays. And prithee what was it, *Mr. Hains*?

Hains. When the Juſtice came into his Parlour, I told him, Sir, I have carefully and deliberately conſider'd your two Arguments, and I find by my pulſe, that one of them wou'd have ſerved the turn. If you'll pleaſe now to give me the Oaths, you'll oblige me for ever. He did ſo, and within a fortnight after I teſtified my Re-converſion in a Prologue publickly on the Theatre.

Bays. Oh thou puſillanimous, abject, little creature! Thou ſecond part of Renegado *Sclater*, how I deſpiſe and laugh at thee? You ſee I keep up to my principles ſtill; ſo farewel my re-converted Comedian.

Hains. Nay, brother *Bays*, don't be ſo haſty. I don't queſtion but to reduce you with the Juſtice's two Arguments before we go. Firſt of all, ſet the fear of Intereſt before your eyes, you have been as true to that principle, I am ſure, as a City Uſurer to his wicked principle of not lending.

Bays. No matter for that, Sir, I have ſacrificed that principle long ago.

Hains. Secondly, conſider the Faſhion, *Mr. Bays*, which they ſay you have dutifully follow'd in all the turnings, and windings of the Government, from your Panegyrick upon *Oliver Cromwell*, down to your Panegyrick upon the Prince of *Wales*.

Bays. I am too far ſtricken in years to follow the fooliſh faſhions.

Hains. If this wont do, Mr. *Bays*, conſider your family.

Bays. That's nothing to you, Sir, my Family may ſhift for themſelves.

Hains. Come, I know what ſticks with thee, Poet *Squab*, thou art afraid of turning again, leſt the Cenſorious World ſhou'd laugh at thee for it; twill be but two or three days wonder at fartheſt. A Lampoon, a Ballad, a Dia-

a Dialogue, or so, and what's that, thou art inured to those things, *Mr. Bays.*

Bays. No, Sir, you lose your labour.

Hains. 'Tis but leaving *Will's* Coffee-house for two or three days, and then saying, that *Mr. Baxter's* Winding-sheet of Popery has open'd thy eye-sight. Besides, who knows but some noble Peer or other, may restore thee to thy Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal's place again, upon thy re-conversion, and you need fear no drubbing in this case; consider of that, Mr. *Bays.*

Bays. You are resolved, I see, to torment and plague me worse than you did the Constable.

Hains. Besides, all the World knows, thou hast ten times more merit and title to the place, than the present Usurper. Then write a Panegyrick, which thou canst do as fast as Hops upon black and green Gowns, and the Clergy, all the World ever will forgive thee. Burn thy Hind and Panther, and then the *Religio Laici*, and the *Spanish* Friar, will come in play again. But if King *James* ever come in, I'll give thee a Note under my Hand and Seal to return to the *Roman* Church; nay, rather than fail, I'll bear thee Company my self.

Bays. VVill you let me go, Sir, I shall be in a passion anon ——

Hains. But what will you do for your sustenance, man? How'll you spend your time?

Bays. VVhat's that to you? perhaps I'll write Tragedies for the diversion of the Town, Political Essays for the diversion of Statesmen, Amorous discourses for the diversion of the Ladies, a Treatise of Criticism for the diversion of young Authors, a Treatise of Old Age for the Consolation of Gray Hairs, and ——

Hains. A Treatise of Patience for the consolation of the *Jacobites.* Nay, *Mr. Bays*, if I can't Convert thee from Popery, I'll at least Convert thee from the plague of Writing. You are to understand, Poet *Squob* ——

Bays. Don't *understand*, or *Squob* me, Mr. *Hains*; I shall ——

Hains. Nay, I have you fast, you shan't go I faith —— That at the Palace of the *Farnese* at *Rome*, there's a celebrated piece of *Caracchio's*, wherein there's Pictured the Pope and Emperour, seated in their Thrones. And first comes a Counsellor with this Label in his mouth, *I advise you two*, a Courtier, *I flatter you three.* Then a Husbandman, *I feed you four.* Then a Lawyer, *I rob you five.* Then a Souldier, *I fight for you six.* And lastly, comes a Physician with his, *I kill all you seven.*

Bays. Wilt thou never have done, thou everlasting plague, thou ——

Hains. Even so, *Mr. Bays*, we Gentlemen Authors write for the Gentlemen Printers: The Gentlemen Printers Print for the Gentlemen Booksellers: The Gentlemen Booksellers sell to the Gentlemen Readers. But at last come the *Christmas* Pies, the Tarts, the Truncks, the Barbaroes, the Paper Kites, the Coffee-houses, and Grocers Shops, and immediately consume what the Gentlemen Readers bought, the Gentlemen Booksellers Sold, the Gentlemen Printers Printed, and the Gentlemen Authors wrote. —— Now I'll let you go, Mr. *Bays*, but chew the Cud a while upon this melancholly observation, and write if you can.

F I N I S.